FUNERAL

HYMNS.

Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord!

Rev. xiv. 13.

The THIRD EDITION.

DUBLIN:

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HYMN I.

I.

AH, Sister in Jesus adieu!
Thy Warfare is happily o'er:
Thy Spirit hath fought its Way thro',
And pitch'd on the heavenly Shore:
Thy Course upon Earth is all run,
The Days of thy Mourning are past,
The Joys that above thou hast won
For ever and ever shall last.

II.

O blessed Estate of the Dead,
The Dead that have dy'd in the Lord!
From Trouble and Misery freed,
And sure of their endless Reward:
By Sorrow no longer oppress,
When join'd to the Spirits above,
With Jesus in Glory they rest,
They rest in the Arms of his Love.

III.

O when will the Saviour extend
The Arms of his Mercy to me!
The Days of my Pilgrimage end,
My Soul from its Prison set free!
When will the dear Moment arrive
Which long I have pin'd for in vain?
And still I would die to revive,
And suffer with Jesus to reign.

IV.

Ah! give me to bow my faint Head,
My sorrowful Soul to resign,
From Pain everlastingly freed,
To sink on the Bosom Divine;
My Saviour, why dost thou delay
To call a poor Wanderer home?
Come quickly, and bear me away;
The Bride and the Spirit say, Come!

HYMN II.

I.

REJOICE for a Brother deceas'd
(Our Loſs is his infinite Gain)
A Soul out of Priſon releas'd,
And freed from his bodily Chain:
With Songs let us follow his Flight,
And mount with his Spirit above,
Eſcap'd to the Manſions of Light,
And lodg'd in the *Eden* of Love.

II.

Our Brother the Haven hath gain'd
Out-flying the Tempeſt and Wind,
His Reſt He hath ſooner obtain'd,
And left his Companions behind;
Still toſs'd on a Sea of Diſtreſs,
Hard toiling to make the Bleſt Shore,
Where all is Aſſurance and Peace,
And Sorrow and Sin are no more.

III.

There all the Ship's Company meet,
Who ſail'd with the Saviour beneath,
With Shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er Trouble and Death;
The Voyage of Life's at an End,
The mortal Affliction is paſt,
The Age that in Heaven they ſpend
For ever and ever ſhall laſt.

HYMN III.

I.

HOSANNAH to JESUS on high!
Another is enter'd his Reſt,
Another is ſcap'd to the Sky,
And lodg'd in IMMANUEL's Breaſt:
The Soul of our Siſter is gone
To heighten the Triumph above,
Exalted to JESUS's Throne,
And claſp'd in the Arms of his Love.

II.

What Fulneſs of Rapture is there,
While JESUS his Glory diſplays,
And purples the Heavenly Air,
And ſcatters the Odours of Grace!
He looks——and his Servants in Light
The Bleſſing ineffable meet;
He ſmiles——and they faint at the Sight,
And fall overwhelm'd at his Feet!

III.

How happy the Angels that fall,
Tranſported at JESUS's Name!
The Saints, whom He ſooneſt ſhall call
To ſhare in the Feaſt of the Lamb!
No longer impriſon'd in Clay,
Who next from his Dungeon ſhall fly,
Who firſt ſhall be ſummon'd away?
My Merciful GOD——is it I!

IV.

O JESUS, if this be thy Will
That ſuddenly I ſhould depart,
Thy Council of Mercy reveal,
And whiſper the Call to my Heart:
O give me a Signal to know
If ſoon Thou wouldſt have *me* remove,
And leave the dull Body below,
And fly to the Regions of Love.

V.

Thou know'ſt, in the Spirit of Prayer
I groan for a ſpeedy Releaſe,
And long I have pin'd to be there
Where Sorrow and Miſery ceaſe:
Where all the Temptation is paſt,
And Loſs and Affliction is o'er,
And Anguiſh is ended at laſt,
And Trouble and Death are no more.

VI. Come

VI.

Come then to my Reſcue (I pray
For this, and for nothing beſide)
Make ready, and bear me away,
Thy weary diſconſolate Bride:
The Days of my Mourning and Pain
Cut ſhort, and in Pity ſet free,
And give me to reſt and to reign
For ever and ever in Thee.

HYMN IV.

(For One juſt Departing.)

I.

O Sister in Jesus, ariſe,
And joyful his Summons obey;
He beckons thee up to the Skies,
In Mercy He calls thee away:
His Pity hath ſign'd thy Releaſe,
Return to thy Native Abode,
Make haſte to the Manſions of Bliſs,
And fly to the Boſom of God.

II.

To waft from the Valley of Tears,
To bear thee triumphantly home,
The Chariot of Israel appears,
The Convoy of Angels is come!
With Envy we let thee depart,
Thy happier Spirit reſign;
The Purchaſe of Jesus thou art,
And God is eternally thine.

III.

Go then to thy Glorious Eſtate,
No longer our Partner in Woe,
No longer oppreſt with our Weight,
To Jesus in Paradiſe go:

Redeem'd from a World of Diſtreſs
Thou hear'ſt the acceptable Word,
He bids thee depart in his Peace,
And die for the Sight of thy Lord.

IV.

Eſcape to a Country above,
Where only Enjoyment is found,
And Springs of Extatical Love,
And Rivers of Pleaſure abound;
No dreadful Alarums of War,
No Famine, or Sorrows, or Pains,
No Sound of the Trumpet is there,
But JESUS eternally reigns.

V.

He reigns in the Holieſt Place,
He dwells in the Midſt of his own,
And fully diſcovers his Face,
And fills them with Raptures unknown;
With Bliſs inexpreſſibly great
Their Glorify'd Spirits o'erflow——
Go Siſter, and ſhare their Eſtate,
To JESUS in Paradiſe go.

VI.

O Saviour, her Spirit receive,
Which into thy Hands we reſign,
And Us from our Sorrows retrieve,
And Us to our Company join:
Our Number and Glory compleat,
With all that are landed before,
With Thee let us joyfully meet,
To part and to ſuffer no more.

HYMN V.

(On Sight of a Corpse.)

I.

AH lovely Appearance of Death!
No Sight upon Earth is so fair;
Not all the gay Pageants that *breathe*
Can with a dead Body compare:
With solemn Delight I survey
The Corpse when the Spirit is fled,
In love with the Beautiful Clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

II.

How blest is our Brother, bereft
Of all that could burthen his Mind,
How easy the Soul that hath left
This weariſom Body behind!
Of Evil incapable Thou,
Whose Relicks with Envy I see,
No longer in Misery now,
No longer a Sinner like me.

III.

This Earth is affected no more
With Sickness, or shaken with Pain,
The War in the Members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again:
No Anger henceforward, or Shame,
Shall redden this innocent Clay,
Extinct is the Animal Flame,
And Passion is vanish'd away.

IV.

This languishing Head is at rest,
Its Thinking and Aching are o'er,
This quiet insensible Breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more:

This Heart is no longer the Seat
Of Trouble and torturing Pain,
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

V.

The Lids he so seldom could close,
By Sorrow forbidden to sleep;
Seal'd up in Eternal Repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep:
The Fountains can yield no Supplies,
These Hollows from Water are free,
The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,
And Evil they never shall see.

VI.

To mourn and to suffer, is mine,
While bound in a Prison I breathe,
And still for Deliverance pine,
And press to the Issues of Death:
What now with my Tears I bedew,
O might I this Moment become,
My Spirit created a-new,
My Flesh be consign'd to the Tomb.

HYMN VI.

I.

'TIS finish'd! 'tis done!
The Spirit is fled,
The Pris'ner is gone,
The CHRISTIAN is dead!
The CHRISTIAN is Living
In JESUS his Love,
And gladly receiving
A Kingdom above.

II.

All Honour and Praise
Are JESUS's Due;
Supported by Grace,
He fought his Way thro';

Triumphantly

Triumphantly glorious
  Thro' Jesus's Zeal,
And more than victorious
  O'er Sin, Death, and Hell.

III.

Then let us record
  The conquering Name,
Our Captain and Lord
  With Shoutings proclaim:
Who truſt in his Paſſion
  And follow our Head,
To certain Salvation
  We all ſhall be led.

IV.

O Jesus, lead on
  Thy Militant Care,
And give us the Crown
  Of Righteouſneſs there;
Where dazled with Glory
  The Seraphim gaze,
Or proſtrate adore Thee
  In Silence of Praiſe.

V.

Come, Lord, and diſplay
  Thy Sign in the Sky,
And bear us away
  To Manſions on high;
The Kingdom be given,
  The Purchaſe Divine,
And crown us in Heaven
  Eternally thine.

HYMN VII.

I.

O When ſhall we ſweetly remove!
  O when ſhall we enter our Reſt!
Return to the Sion above,
  The Mother of Spirits diſtreſt!

That

That City of GOD, the great King,
Where Sorrow and Death are no more,
But Saints our IMMANUEL ſing,
And Cherub and Seraph adore.

II.

Not all the Archangels can tell
The Joys of that Holieſt Place,
Where JESUS is pleas'd to reveal
The Light of his Heavenly Face;
Where caught in the Rapturous Flame
The *Sight Beatific* they prove,
And walk in the Light of the Lamb,
And baſk in the Beams of his Love.

III.

Who then upon Earth can conceive
The Bliſs that in Heaven they ſhare;
Who then the dark World would not leave,
And chearfully die to be there?
O Saviour, regard our Complaints,
Array'd in thy Majeſty come,
Fulfil the Deſires of thy Saints,
And ſuddenly gather us Home.

IV.

Thou know'ſt in the Spirit of Prayer
We groan thy Appearing to ſee,
Reſign'd to the Burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with Thee.
'Tis good at thy Word to be here,
'Tis better in Thee to be gone,
And ſee Thee in Glory appear,
And riſe to a Share of thy Throne.

V.

To mourn for thy Coming is ſweet,
To weep at thy longer Delay;
But Thou whom we haſten to meet
Shalt chaſe all our Sorrows away:
The Tears ſhall be wip'd from our Eyes,
When thee we behold in the Cloud,
And eccho the Joys of the Skies,
And ſhout to the Trumpet of GOD.

VI.

Come then to thy languiſhing Bride,
Who went'ſt to prepare us a Place,
Receive us with Thee to abide,
And reſt in thy Mercy's Embrace.
Our Heaven of Heavens be this
Thy Fulneſs of Mercy to prove,
Implung'd in the Glorious Abyſs,
And loſt in the Ocean of Love.

HYMN VIII.

I.

AWAY with our Sorrow and Fear!
We ſoon ſhall recover our Home;
The City of Saints ſhall appear,
The Day of Eternity come:
From Earth we ſhall quickly remove,
And mount to our native Abodes,
The Houſe of our Father above,
The Palace of Angels and Gods.

II.

Our Mourning is all at an end,
When rais'd by the Life-giving Word,
We ſee the New City deſcend,
Adorn'd as a Bride for her LORD:
The City ſo holy and clean
No Sorrow can breathe in the Air,
No Gloom of Affliction or Sin,
No Shadow of Evil is there!

III.

By Faith we already behold
That lovely JERUSALEM *here!*
Her Walls are of Jaſper and Gold,
As Chryſtal her Buildings are clear:

Immoveably founded in *Grace*
She ſtands, as ſhe ever hath ſtood,
And brightly her Builder diſplays,
And flames with the Glory of GOD.

IV.

No Need of the Sun in that Day
Which never is follow'd by Night,
Where JESUS's Beauties diſplay
A pure and a permanent Light:
The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
And lo! by Reflexion they ſhine,
With JESUS ineffably One,
And bright in Effulgence Divine.

V.

The Saints in his Preſence receive
Their great and eternal Reward,
In JESUS, in Heaven, they live,
They reign in the Smile of their LORD:
The Flame of Angelical Love
Is kindled at JESUS's Face,
And all their Enjoyment above
Conſiſts in the RAPTUROUS GAZE.

HYMN IX.

I.

THANKS be to GOD, whoſe faithful Love
Hath call'd Another to his Breaſt,
Tranſlated him to Joys above,
To Manſions of Eternal Reſt.

II.

Ripe for the Glorious Harveſt made,
He *firſt* was ſav'd from Inbred Sin;
The Angel *then* his Charge obey'd,
And thruſt the Mortal Sickle in.

III.

He the good Fight of Faith hath won,
He heard with Joy the welcome Word,
"Hither come up (thy Work is done)
"And reign for ever with thy LORD."

IV. By

IV.

By Miniſterial Sp'rits convey'd,
Lodg'd in the Garner of the Sky,
He reſts, in *Abraham*'s boſom laid,
He lives with GOD, no more to die.

V.

Thanks be to GOD, thro' CHRIST alone,
Who gave our Friend the Victory!
O Maſter, ſay to *me*, Well done!
May I rejoice to die in Thee.

VI.

Thus may we all our Warfare end,
In Struglings to the Upper Skies
Our laſt triumphant Moments ſpend,
And graſp in Death th' Immortal Prize.

VII.

O that we all may thus break thro',
The Crown with holy Violence ſeize,
The Starry Crown to Conqueſt due,
The Crown of Life and Righteouſneſs.

VIII.

Will not the righteous Judge beſtow
The Prize on all who ſeek Him here,
And long, while ſojourning below,
To ſee their much-lov'd LORD appear?

IX.

He will (our Hearts cry out) He will
Theſe eager Wiſhes more than meet,
Theſe infinite Deſires fulfil,
And make our Happineſs compleat.

X.

We all ſhall ſee our Life appear,
(Our hidden Life in JESUS found)
Our Duſt th' Archangel's Voice ſhall hear,
And kindle at the Trumpet's Sound.

XI.

O what a Soul-o'erpow'ring Thought!
'Tis Extaſy too great to bear!
We all at once ſhall be upcaught,
And meet our JESUS in the Air.

XII.

Eternity ſtands forth in Sight!
We plunge us in that boundleſs Sea,
Expatiate in thoſe Plains of Light,
The Regions of Eternity!

XIII.

Ev'n now we taſte the heav'nly Pow'rs,
The glorious Joys of Angels prove,
A whole Eternity is Ours,
A whole Eternity of Love!

HYMN X.

(On the Death of Mrs. A. C.)

I.

AND is the Struggle paſt,
And hath ſhe groan'd her laſt?
Riſe, my Soul, and take thy Flight,
Haſte, th' Aſcending Triumph ſhare,
Trace her to the Plains of Light,
Graſp her happy Spirit there!

II.

I *know* Her now poſſeſt,
Of everlaſting Reſt!
Now I *find* Her lodg'd above,
Now her Heavenly Joy I *feel*,
Extaſy of Joy and Love,
Glorious and Unſpeakable!

III.

I triumph in Her Bliſs;
The Proof, the Token This!
This my Dying Friend's Bequeſt,
This, the Anſwer of her Pray'r,
Speaks her entred into Reſt,
Tells me I ſhall meet her there.

IV.

LORD, I accept the Sign,
And bleſs thy Love Divine:

Thou

Thou haſt thro' the Mortal Vale
Led her to the Realms above,
Caught her from the Toils of Hell,
Plac'd her on a Throne of Love.

V.

I, I ſhall conquer too,
Like Her ſhall all break thro!
To my Heav'nly Friends convey'd,
I ſhall ſhare the Marriage-Feaſt:
Pants my Soul on Earth delay'd,
Gaſps for her Eternal Reſt.

VI.

Come, O my Saviour, come,
Receive thy Servant home!
Now recall thy Baniſh'd One,
Draw me from the Tent of Clay:
Hear'ſt Thou not thy Spirit's Groan?
Come, my Saviour, come away!

VII.

O come, the Spirit cries,
O come, the Bride replies!
Thee I call with ev'ry Breath;
Let me die to ſee thy Day,
Snatch me from this Life of Death;
Come, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN XI.

(*On the Death of* E. B. *of* Kingſwood.)

I.

REJOICE, ye Sons of Light,
Over a Saint deceaſt!
The Happy Soul hath took its Flight,
And enter'd into Reſt:

Toſt to and fro no more
On Life's tempeſtuous Sea,
The Happy Soul hath reach'd the Shore
Of Calm Eternity.

II.

She at the welcome Word
Is out of Priſon fled,
Releas'd from her Oppreſſive Lord,
And free among the Dead:

The Bloody Huſband's Pow'r
Did with her Breath expire,
And lo! She lives to die no more
Amidſt yon Angel Quire.

III.

The Spirits of the Juſt
Made perfect *here* in Love,
With theſe, and all the Heav'nly Hoſt,
She finds her Place above;

One with the Saints in Light,
The Witneſſes of GOD,
She waſh'd her Robes, and made them white
In the Redeemer's Blood.

IV.

Her Soul was cleans'd below,
And ſav'd from Sin's Remains,
Whiter on Earth than *Salmon*'s Snow,
She now with JESUS reigns;

Long in the Furnace try'd,
Long in the Vale diſtreſt,
The Lamb at laſt hath call'd his Bride
Up to the Marriage-Feaſt.

V.

With ſtedfaſt Faith and Hope
Let us her Steps purſue,
Chearful like Her the Croſs take up,
Like Her the World break thro';

Like Her, our Faith approve,
And patiently endure,
And make, by all the Works of Love,
Our Heavenly Calling ſure.

HYMN XII.

(*On the Death of Mrs.* F. C.)

I.

THANKS be to GOD alone
Thro' JESUS CHRIST his Son!
He who hath for all obtain'd,
Gives our Friend the Victory;
Sister, Thou the Prize haſt gain'd,
Died for Him who died for Thee.

II.

The Mortal Hour is paſt,
Thou haſt o'ercome at laſt,
Freed from Pain, for ever freed,
Ended is thy glorious Strife,
Death, the lateſt Foe, is dead,
Death is ſwallow'd up of Life.

III.

Thy Lamb-like Innocence
Is ſoon departed hence,
From the World of Sin and Pain
Thou art clean eſcap'd away,
Sav'd from Sin's infectious Stain,
Taken from the Evil Day.

IV.

Stranger to guilty Fears
Thou liv'd'ſt thy twenty Years,
From the great Tranſgreſſion free;
Never did the Poiſon ſpread,
JESUS, e'er it roſe in Thee,
JESUS cruſh'd the Serpent's Head.

V.

His Spirit's gentleſt Art
Open'd thy Simple Heart,
The eternal Goſpel-Word,
Lydia-like Thou didſt receive,
Fall before thy Bleeding LORD,
Own Him, and with Eaſe Believe.

VI.

Soon as thy Heart did feel
The Pardon ſtamping Seal,
Heard thy Soul the Warning Cry,
" Here Thou haſt not long to ſtay,
" Riſe, my Love, make haſte to die,
" Riſe, my Love, and come away!"

VII.

Thy chearful Soul obey'd
Thro' Suff'ring perfect made,
Perfect made in a ſhort Space,
Thy reſign'd, and CHRIST-like Soul,
Started forth, and won the Race,
Reach'd at once the glorious Goal.

VIII.

Aloft the Spirit flies,
And gains her native Skies;
Kindred Souls ſalute her there,
Springing from their azure Throne,
All in Shouts their Joy declare,
All their new-born Sifter own.

IX.

Th' angelic Army ſings,
And clap their golden Wings!
Harping with their Harps they praiſe
Him, thro' whom ſhe all o'ercame,
Sharer of his richeſt Grace,
Cloſeſt Follower of the Lamb.

X.

From Love's ſoft Witchcraft free
Her ſpotleſs Purity
Liv'd to only CHRIST below;
Higher now ſhe reigns above,
Mightier Joys advanc'd to know,
Honour'd with his choiceſt Love.

XI.

Among the Morning-ſtars
A brighter Crown ſhe wears,
With peculiar Glories grac'd,
Seated on a loftier Throne,
To ſuperior Raptures rais'd,
Neareſt GOD's eternal Son.

XII.

Mixt with the Virgin-Train,
She charms th' Etherial Plain,
With the Lamb for ever found;
Angels liſten while ſhe ſings,
Catch th' inimitable Sound,
Muſic for the King of Kings!

XIII.

O happy happy Soul
Thy Heavenly Joy is full!
Thee the Lamb hath made his Bride,
Call'd thee to his Feaſt above,
Thee he now hath glorify'd,
Taught thee the new Song of Love.

XIV.

O that at laſt ev'n I,
Like Thee might ſweetly die!
Die, and leave a World of Woe,
Die out of the Reach of Sin,
Die the Joys of Heav'n to know;
Open, LORD, and take me in!

XV.

Give me thy Bliſs to ſhare,
The meaneſt Spirit there,
Only let me ſee thy Face,
See with Thee my happier Friend,
At an awful Diſtance gaze,
Taſte the Joys that never end.

XVI.

Thou wilt cut ſhort my Years,
And wipe away my Tears:
Lo! I wait thy Leizure ſtill,
Humbly at thy Footſtool lie,
Calm to ſuffer all thy Will,
Glad in Thee to live and die.

HYMN XIII.

I.

WE know, by Faith we know,
If this vile Houſe of Clay,
This Tabernacle ſink below
In ruinous Decay,
We have an Houſe above
Not made with mortal Hands,
And firm as our Redeemer's Love
That Heav'nly Fabrick ſtands.

II.

It ſtands ſecurely high,
Indiſſolubly ſure,
Our glorious Manſion in the Sky
Shall evermore endure.
O were we enter'd there,
To perfect Heav'n reſtor'd,
O were we all caught up to ſhare
The Triumph of our LORD!

III.

Beneath our Earthly Load
We labour now and groan,
And haſten tow'rd that Houſe of GOD,
And ſtruggle to be gone:
We would not LORD, deſire
An End of Miſery,
But Thee our earneſt Souls require,
We long to die for Thee.

IV.

For *This* in Faith we call,
For *This* we weep and pray,
O might the Tabernacle fall,
O might we 'ſcape away!
Full of Immortal Hope,
We urge the reſtleſs Strife,
And haſten to be ſwallow'd up
Of Everlaſting Life.

V. Abſent,

V.

Abſent, alas! from God,
We in the Body mourn,
And pine to quit this mean Abode,
And languiſh to return:
Jesus, regard our Vows,
And change our Faith to Sight,
And cloath us with our nobler Houſe
Of Empyrean Light.

VI.

O let us put on Thee
In perfect Holineſs,
And riſe prepar'd thy Face to ſee,
Thy bright unclouded Face:
Thy Grace with Glory crown,
Who haſt the Earneſt given,
And now triumphantly come down
And take our Souls to Heaven.

HYMN XIV.

I.

JESUS, come! Our utmoſt Jesus,
Save us from the World beneath,
From a Life of Pain releaſe us,
From a Life of daily Death:
Liſten to the ceaſeleſs Moaning
Of thy plaintive Turtle Dove;
Anſwer, Lord, thy Spirit's Groaning,
Take us to our Church above.

II.

Many a Soul is lodg'd before us
In the Garner of the Grave:
Jesus, come! to Life reſtore us,
Us from all our Troubles ſave.
Us in infinite Compaſſion
To our happier Friends unite,
Raiſe us to our higheſt Station,
Rank us with thy Saints in Light.

III.

Still we bear about thy Dying
In our feeble Bodies here,
Languiſhing for Thee, and crying
Light of Life in us appear,
Take us to thy kind Embraces,
To thy Heav'nly Banquet lead;
Wipe the Sorrow from our Faces,
Set the Crown upon our Head.

HYMN XV.

I.

HOSANNAH to God
In his higheſt Abode;
All Heaven be join'd,
To extol the Redeemer and Friend of Mankind!
He claims all our Praiſe,
Who in infinite Grace
Again hath ſtoop'd down,
And caught up a Worm to inherit a Crown.

II.

Our Partner below,
Our Brother in Woe.
From his Sorrow and Pain
He hath call'd to the Pleaſures that always remain;
He hath ſnatch'd him away
From a Cottage of Clay
To a Kingdom above,
A Kingdom of Glory, and Gladneſs, and Love.

III.

Our Friend is reſtor'd
To the Joy of his Lord,
With Triumph departs,
But ſpeaks by his Death to our Ecchoing Hearts:
Follow after, He cries,
As He mounts to the Skies,
Follow after your Friend,
To the bliſful Enjoyments that never ſhall end.

IV. And

IV.

And ſhall we not preſs
To that Harbour of Peace,
That Heavenly Shore,
Where Sorrow, and Parting, and Death are no more:
Our Brother purſue,
And fight our Way thro'
In the Strength of our LORD,
Follow on, till we ſeize the Eternal Reward?

V.

Thro' JESUS's Name
Our Comrade o'ercame,
And JESUS is ours,
And arms us with all his invincible Pow'rs:
He looks from the Skies,
He ſhews us the Prize,
And gives us a Sign.
That we ſhall o'ercome by the Mercy Divine.

VI.

The Saviour of all
For Us He ſhall call——
Shall ſhortly appear,
Our Day of Eternal Salvation is near.
We too ſhall remove
To our City above,
On Mortals look down,
Triumphant Aſſeſſors of JESUS's Throne.

VII.

For Us is prepar'd
Th' Angelical Guard,
The Convoy attends,
A miniſtring Hoſt of inviſible Friends:
Ready wing'd for their Flight
To the Regions of Light
The Horſes are come,
The Chariot of *Iſrael* to carry *Us* home.

VIII.

They ſoon ſhall convey
Our Spirits away,
Our Spirits that groan
And cry for Redemption, and long to be gone,

By the Croſs we endure
We ſhall make the Crown ſure,
By a Moment of Pain
We all ſhall a joyful Eternity gain.

HYMN XVI.

I.

HAPPY who in JESUS live,
But happier ſtill are they
Who to GOD their Spirits give,
And 'ſcape from Earth away:
LORD, Thou read'ſt the panting Heart,
Lord, Thou hear'ſt the praying Sigh:
O 'tis better to depart,
'Tis better far to die!

II.

Yet if ſo thy Will ordain,
For our Companions Good,
Let us in the Fleſh remain,
And meekly bear the Load:
When we have our Grief fill'd up,
When we all our Work have done,
Late Partakers of our Hope,
And Sharers of thy Throne.

III.

To thy wiſe and gracious Will
We quietly ſubmit,
Waiting for Redemption ſtill,
But waiting at thy Feet:
When Thou wilt the Bleſſing give,
Call us up thy Face to ſee,
Only let thy Servants live,
And let us die to Thee.

FINIS.